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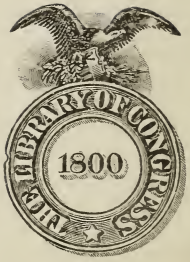

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William Pinkney

Fifth Bishop of Maryland

William Pinkney

FIFTH BISHOP OF MARYLAND

A Review by the REV. HALL HARRISON, *S.T.D.,*
of Dr. Hutton's Recent Biography
of the Bishop

BALTIMORE
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IN EXCHANGE
Peabody Institute
FEB 15 1915

PREFACE.

In writing the following short sketch of Bishop Pinkney, I was so taken up with the Bishop's character and with the intrinsic excellence of Dr. Hutton's biography, that I omitted to say anything of the external appearance of the book and the manner in which it has been put before the public.

The volume has been published, or, more correctly, printed, by Messrs. Gibson Brothers, of Washington, D. C., by the desire of Mr. Corcoran, and at the expense of his estate. The venerable author, Dr. Hutton, is in no way responsible for the style in which it has been given to the world. His work was done when he completed the biography and placed it in the hands of Mr. Corcoran's executors.

He was very ill while his book was passing through the press, and was unable to read his own proof-sheets, or give those final touches and corrections which an author always desires to have an opportunity to make. Mr. Corcoran's executors of course meant to do what was liberal and right, but they seem to have been very ill-advised. At all events, the result, which is all the public have to judge from, is very disappointing to the friends of Bishop Pinkney. The volume by no means presents that handsome exterior which its great merits demand, and which the generous munificence of Mr. Corcoran and his well-known devotion to the late bishop would lead the public to expect. The book is very correctly printed, but on a cheap, glazed paper, and some of the most interesting and valuable portions of it in a fine type that is very trying to the eyes. The shape is

that of a very *tall, thin 8vo, and its binding and general appearance recall the familiar "Congressional Document," or "Department Report." Perhaps Washington printers, who live under the shadow of the Capitol, and surrounded by the Public Buildings, may be pardoned for thinking that a "Congressional Document" is the* ne plus ultra *of beauty and desirability in the bookmaking art; but this opinion is not shared by the great publishers of England and America—by the Murrays, the Longmans, the Macmillans, the Harpers, and the Appletons, nor by the reading public generally. It is to be hoped, however, that no reader who takes up Dr. Hutton's volume will allow himself to be repelled from perusing a thoroughly good and interesting work by its unfortunate exterior. The lady will be found worthy of his attention, regard and courtship, though her face*

may not be beautiful, and though her dress is far from becoming.

There is also another matter that calls for some comment, and at least a mild protest. The book was at first freely given away to friends of Bishop Pinkney, which was quite in accordance with Mr. Corcoran's character and his known friendship for the bishop. The Maryland Churchman *of February 10th contained the following statement: "The book is not for sale. It is printed at private expense, for distribution among the friends of Bishop Pinkney."*

Hardly had this announcement reached the public before there was a complete change of plan. The vestry or projectors of a little chapel at Hyattsville, Prince George's County, which they call the "Pinkney Memorial," prevailed on the executors of Mr. Corcoran to hand over to them the edition of Dr. Hutton's work, or

a certain number of copies, which they are to sell at the extravagant price of two dollars per copy, with the view of extorting money out of Bishop Pinkney's friends to build their chapel!

A prohibitive tariff is thus placed upon the circulation of Dr. Hutton's excellent book. No one is to have it unless he chooses to pay two dollars to St. Matthew's Chapel, Hyattsville. feel that a voice ought to be raised in protest against this sort of thing, with whomsoever it may have originated, and by whomsoever it may be approved. It belongs to the order of church fairs, lotteries, strawberry festivals and other extortions. The excellent people of the little village of Hyattsville have no right to say to Bishop Pinkney's friends, You sha'n't have, and sha'n't read the Life *of Bishop Pinkney, unless you first pay* us *two dollars for our chapel! The very expedient to which the vestry of Hyattsville are*

resorting to raise a few paltry dollars, ought to bring to their minds the impoverished condition of not a few Maryland parishes, so closely resembling their own. They must know that many ill-paid clergymen, after they have managed to feed and clothe themselves and their families, have not two dollars to spare for the luxury of buying books. And yet, what an inestimable and inspiring boon would such a work as the Life of Bishop Pinkney *be to many a "country parson" who lives, not like George Herbert, at Bemerton, in beautiful Wiltshire, within a mile of Salisbury and its glorious Cathedral, but more like Goldsmith's Traveller,*

"*Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,*"
Not "*by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po,*"

but amid very different scenery and associations. Far more probably will his lot be cast away from libraries,

towns, mails and railways; among execrable roads over which a six-horse wagon can scarce drag its slow length along, and without the cultivated surroundings and choice society which in former days made Southern Maryland, both on the Eastern and Western Shore, the garden of the State, full of beautiful and charming homes. And now, poor man! he is not to be allowed to solace himself with The Life of Bishop Pinkney, *unless he subscribes two dollars (not for the book, for that has been already paid for by Mr. Corcoran's estate, "to be given away," we were told), but to a little chapel about which he knows nothing, and in which he cannot be expected to take a very lively interest.*

And what sort of a memorial *is it to be when completed? It is like the late Rev. Dr. Hammond's attempt to convert the already existing little church of St. George's, in Baltimore,*

into a "memorial" to Bishop Whittingham! St. George's Church needed repairs and enlargement, and its then rector, Dr. Hammond, thought it would be a good thing to raise the money out of Bishop Whittingham's friends by calling his little church a "memorial" to the bishop. A village thinks it needs a chapel, and, not having the wherewithal to build it, we are to have a cheap-looking memorial to Bishop Pinkney. These methods are simply injurious to the Church, and ought to be abandoned; they certainly will be, when their true character as mere schemes for raising money is fully understood.

The chapel at Hyattsville will no doubt be just as good and just as bad as many other buildings of the kind, but, after all, what sort of things are these memorials? A little wooden shanty is run up, not very different in its order of architecture from a very

large dry-goods box, with a Gothic (!) roof, and capable, possibly, of holding some two hundred and fifty people, if that number of church-goers can be found in the little hamlet; a cross or turret is then placed on its top, and lo! it is dignified with the name of the "Pinkney Memorial," or some other memorial. Now, a memorial window, in a fine church, such as may be seen in St. John's, Washington, to Bishop Pinkney, or in Grace Church, Baltimore, to Bishop Whittingham, is a very different thing. Such a memorial (or a Font, or a Pulpit, or other ornament) may be obtained for a few hundred, or a few thousand, dollars, and may be seemly and appropriate. But a church *in memory of such a man as Bishop Pinkney should be a magnificent structure, costing not less than fifty or seventy-five thousand dollars. Unless something grand and dignified is proposed (like the memo-*

rial now in progress to the late Canon Liddon), it is far better to attempt nothing at all. Dr. Hutton's record of the life of the good man is a much more suitable memorial than any little chapel. Of course, it is not intended for a moment to imply that the zealous Churchmen of Hyattsville were not animated by the best intentions in the world, and it must be admitted that they only followed a very common custom; but it is a custom that would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance. And the executors of Mr. Corcoran, without any doubt, thought they were doing an act of kindness, and, in some sort, were helping on some kind of a "memorial" to Bishop Pinkney. But none the less, this method of disposing of Dr. Hutton's work, or rather of hindering its extensive circulation, in order to raise a trifling sum of money, will not be generally approved in Maryland or

elsewhere. It is unfair to the venerable author, whose admirable book it needlessly handicaps, and, though done under the guise of charity, it does not seem in keeping either with Mr. Corcoran's munificence, or with the generosity that ever characterized Mr. Corcoran's dear and honoured friend, Bishop William Pinkney.

Wale Harrison

St John's Rectory,
Ellicott City, Md.
Feb. 21 - 1891.

DR. HUTTON'S LIFE OF BISHOP PINKNEY.

The life of Bishop Pinkney was in general so quiet and uneventful that some of our readers may at first have a feeling of surprise that it should have been thought advisable to publish any extended memoir of his character and career. Such persons, we predict, will entirely change their minds when they read the beautiful biography with which the Rev. Dr. Orlando Hutton has enriched our Church literature. It is a book not only of genuine interest to Marylanders, among whom the late Bishop was so well known and so truly loved, but of real value to all Churchmen. As a biography, it deserves and will receive a high place among those

Lives of our Bishops which, if at all well and fairly done, form such useful contributions to American Church history. The volume consists of some three hundred and eighty-eight pages, 8vo, and comes from the printing press of Gibson Brothers, Washington. It has been published, at Mr. Corcoran's desire, by the executors* of the philanthropist, who is known to have been Bishop Pinkney's intimate and devoted friend.

The mere outline of the main facts of Pinkney's life may be condensed as follows from the pages of the memoir.

Birth and parentage. William Pinkney, the fifth Bishop of Maryland, was born in Annapolis on the 17th of April, 1810, and was

*The address of Mr. Corcoran's executors (Messrs. Anthony Hyde and Charles M. Matthews) is 714, 15th Street, Washington, D. C. Copies of the *Life of Bishop Pinkney* may be had from Mr. E. Allen Lycett, 9 E. Lexington Street, Baltimore.

baptized by the Rev. Mr. Judd, rector of old St. Anne's Church. No American ever had a more honourable parentage and descent; he was by birth and breeding, and education, and association, and family connections, every inch a gentleman. His English ancestors came over to England from Normandy with William the Conqueror. His paternal grandfather, Jonathan Pinkney, settled in Annapolis before the Revolution, and as he sturdily adhered to the cause of the mother-country, all his property was confiscated by the Colonial government. His illustrious uncle, William Pinkney, the eloquent lawyer, jurist and Minister to the Court of St. James, and grandfather of the present Attorney-General of Maryland, ex-Senator William Pinkney Whyte, must be passed over in this notice with a bare mention of his name. Bishop Pinkney's father, Mr.

Ninian Pinkney, who held a high office of serious responsibility under the State government during the whole period of the War of 1812 and for some years after, was twice married. His first wife (Miss Mary Gassaway) died two years after her marriage, leaving no children. By his second wife, Amelia, the daughter of Richard Grason, Esq., of Talbot County, Md., and sister of Governor Wm. Grason, he had three children —Amelia, William (the future Bishop) and Ninian, a distinguished surgeon in the United States Navy.* When

* Bishop Pinkney was devotedly attached to this brother, and he had a very high and, we believe, well-merited opinion of his surgical skill. Writing to Judge Huntington after his brother's death in 1877, he says: "He was, dear Judge, a large-hearted man; as sympathetic as a child. His skill in surgery was not excelled, if it was equalled, by any one in this country. He has saved by discretion more limbs than most

Mr. Ninian Pinkney married this lady in 1806, she was a widow (Mrs. Amelia Grason Hobbs) with three children—two daughters and a son.

The following quotation from William Pinkney, then United States Minister at the Court of St. James, to his brother Ninian, in 1808, sheds incidentally a pleasing light upon the happy home where the future bishop passed his childhood:

"I am half inclined to envy you the smooth, even tenor of your life. You are every way happy—at home and abroad. Nothing disturbs your tranquillity farther

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others have cut off. This is a terrible blow to me. We were only fourteen months asunder in our birth, and never severed afterwards farther than distance and duty severed us. I shall carry the shadow of this cross to my grave. He was in many respects a most remarkable man. But so it is. One is taken and another left. My heart is too full of sadness to say more."

than to show you the value of it. Beloved by your family, respected and esteemed everywhere, your official capacity acknowledged, your official exertions successful, what have you to desire?"

Dr. Hutton adds the following:

"Although there were two sets of children in the one family, yet all lived happily together and shared alike the fond care and impartial love of the husband and the wife. The bond that held them all together was as strong and tender as that which could exist in any one household where all the children were the offspring of the same parents. There was no difference in the domestic treatment, none in the provisions made for the comfort, training and happiness of all. While in such cases much may be due to the father, very much more depends upon the wife and mother, from whom emanate the influences that sweeten, hallow and elevate all domestic life." (P. 3.)

When William was fourteen years old, the children had the misfortune to lose their excellent father, and

thus "there devolved upon the widowed mother the temporal care of the family and the grave responsibility of providing for the education of the children and their preparation for active and responsible work in life. In both respects she proved herself fully equal to the charge." (P. 16.)

His mother.

Bishop Pinkney's mother, like the mother of Bishop Whittingham, was a lady of very remarkable intellectual gifts. She was full of imagination, wrote very good verses, was intensely religious, and with it all had one of God's most desirable blessings—excellent *common sense.* The letters from her, quoted by Dr. Hutton, are beautiful compositions, and while charming in their simplicity and pure English, they have a sort of literary flavor and cultivation about them which one seldom sees in these modern days of cheap postage, telegrams

and post cards. Moreover, they reveal a very refined and spiritual nature. She died at the age of 80, in 1858, when her son was in his forty-eighth year and was just beginning his prosperous career in Washington. Bishop Pinkney made a most beautiful allusion to her (which was not duly appreciated at the time*) in his last Convention address, in May, 1883, just one month before his own lamented decease. The quotation will be found in Dr. Hutton's volume, pages 89, 90.

The "ancient city" of Annapolis.

The "ancient city" of Annapolis, in the early days of Pinkney's youth, was noted as the seat and centre of a high degree of intellectual culture and social refinement, and the historical

* Owing, perhaps, to the very modest and quiet manner in which the Bishop read the passage, as if he feared to intrude upon his audience anything so personal to himself and his family.

associations connected with the quaint old town were, as they still are, of peculiar interest. Some of the Anglomaniacs of the present day, the obsequious devotees of Mr. Ward McAllister (whose book on society as *he* found it, or rather, as he seems to mean, as he *founded* it, has been amusing many readers all over the country), will, of course, smile incredulously. It is, however, none the less a fact that the old-fashioned New York of those days did not look down upon the historical town where Washington resigned his military commission, and where, under circumstances of most imposing interest, which have aroused the admiration of the world, the great commander sheathed his unsullied sword and retired, like a veritable Cincinnatus, to domestic life at Mt. Vernon. Here it was that Pinkney was born and bred; here he received the advan-

tages of a good college education—an inestimable blessing where it is used and appreciated, but if not, if misused, as it often is, as a time of gaiety and extravagance, and even of vicious indulgence, then it is indeed something worse than a sad waste of a parent's money. For, as Solomon truly asks, "Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom, seeing he hath no heart to it?" That is to say, Why waste your money in sending your son to college if he hasn't the sense to use his advantages? But Pinkney had the "heart to it," and he never lost his taste for the classics and for English literature, nor that *tone* of mind and character which we commonly express by the word *culture*. He graduated at old St. John's College at the early age of seventeen, receiving the much-prized honour of the "valedictory." There were six

He graduates at St. John's College.

members of the class, one of whom was the late scholarly John Henry Alexander, of Baltimore, and another was William Harwood, of Annapolis, who alone, of his six classmates, still survives. "The best education," says Dr. Hutton, in one of the judicious remarks which he now and then intersperses in his book, "is that which, without undue stimulus or rivalry, fits a youth for afterwork and afterprogress in the sphere which he is to fill in the maturity of manhood." (P. 18.) In this sense William Pinkney left college well equipped for the battle of life. He began the study of law, and under the influence of the followers of Whitefield and Wesley (pp. 20, 21) he became a Methodist. *Becomes a Methodist.* Filled with a desire to preach the Gospel, and feeling a distinct call to make that his life's work, he abandoned the law, and repaired to Princeton Theological Seminary to

study divinity. "At the close of the winter of 1833–4, succeeding his second year at Princeton, there was offered to him the situation of private tutor in the family of Mr. John Nevitt Steele, near Vienna, Dorchester County, on the Eastern Shore. This situation, while providing a sufficient support and giving him some occupation in teaching the three children of the family, would enable him to continue the prosecution of his theological studies. He accepted the position. It gave him a delightful home in one of the old families of Maryland, so noted for all the refined amenities of life. Fortunately for Mr. Pinkney, it was a Church family." (P. 27.)

Tutor in Mr. John Nevitt Steele's family.

Becomes a Churchman.

This was the turning-point in Pinkney's career. Conversations with Mrs. Steele, a devout and intelligent Churchwoman, and certain books that fell in his way, caused him to

return to the Church of his baptism. He became thoroughly convinced of the necessity of an apostolic ministry, and he regarded the order and discipline of the Anglican and Episcopal Church as most nearly approaching the scriptural and primitive pattern. These convictions he never gave up; to the day of his death he was a firm, though moderate, "High Churchman," a lover and *reader* of Hooker and Andrewes and Waterland and Jeremy Taylor. All the steps in this great change in his religious, or perhaps we should, more correctly, say his *theological*, convictions are faithfully narrated, in a very interesting chapter, by Dr. Hutton (pp. 24–29). We can only state the result—that he was finally ordained deacon by Bishop Stone in 1835 and priest in 1836. His first parish was in Somerset County, Md., but he very soon after became rector of four churches

in Prince George's County, on the Western Shore. Here he led a most self-denying and arduous life. He was the missionary and almost the only preacher of the Gospel in an immense district, and his labours by day and by night, over wretched roads in a sparsely settled country, were quite equal in untiring zeal and efficiency to those of our Western bishops. All this is detailed in a style by no means dry or tedious, by his friend and biographer, the Rev. Dr. Hutton.

His Marriage. In 1838 Mr. Pinkney married Miss Elizabeth Lloyd Lowndes, a granddaughter of Edward Lloyd, who was at one time Territorial Governor of Maryland. "The disparity in age," says Dr. Hutton (p. 34), "the lady being much older than himself, seemed not at all to have entered into his views as in any way calculated to lessen the fulness and happiness of his wedded life. . . . For nearly

forty years, till death severed the sacred tie that bound him to his beloved partner, it was a happy married life, unmarred by a single incident or instance to interrupt its peaceful serenity. Nothing could exceed the delicacy and tenderness of his wife's devotion to the comfort and happiness of her husband. Bright, cheerful, of a peculiarly sweet disposition, and possessed of manners most winning and refined, she threw an exquisite charm for her life long around his hearth of home."

In a letter to his mother two weeks after his marriage, Mr. Pinkney says: "We are in hopes of getting everything ready for housekeeping in the course of a few weeks. I feel very anxious about it, for cold weather is coming upon us very rapidly. . . . A comfortable house, neat furniture, good wood, and a plain fare is the sum of my earthly desires." These

words truly describe Bishop Pinkney's contented, unselfish, unambitious disposition, which was his characteristic throughout his life.

Rector of the Church of the Ascension.

In 1857 he was called to the Church of the Ascension, in Washington, then a small and weak parish in comparison with what Dr. Pinkney soon made it become.

His labours in Washington were indefatigable, and he put out all his powers. He preached twice every Sunday, observed all the Church festivals (a thing then unusual in Maryland), had daily service throughout the year, and a short daily lecture in Lent, and kept up a flourishing Sunday school, to which he gave much personal attention. Dr. Hutton gives many pleasing anecdotes that show Dr. Pinkney's fondness for children;*

* One instance may be given. "He was singularly mindful of even little casual promises. On one of his visitations, be-

childless though he was himself, he dearly loved them, and was much beloved by them in turn. Every case of serious illness in his large parish brought him to the bedside of his parishioner, and his holy ministrations and overflowing sympathy in the chamber of sickness and death were ever peculiarly acceptable and endearing. His bold and earnest

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coming interested in a little boy of the family where he was staying, for the Bishop was very fond of children and young persons, he said to the child that he would bring him a penknife the next time he came. More than a year elapsed, and all about it had been forgotten, even by the boy himself, but when the Bishop came on his next visit, as soon as he greeted the child, he drew from his pocket the promised penknife." (P. 279.) His interest in education is shown by the medals and prizes which he gave annually at his own expense at St. James's College, and the Hannah More Academy and other schools.

preaching told upon the community; but above and beyond any sermons, the *man* himself, his loving nature, his burning zeal, his sympathizing heart, his ever ready and open hand won everybody to him, and made the Church of the Ascension, or "Dr. Pinkney's Church," as people would persist in calling it, one of the most noted in all the District of Columbia. Here he lived and laboured, respected, honoured and beloved, until 1870, when he was elected Assistant Bishop of Maryland. Probably no rector in all the United States has ever done, single-handed, a larger or greater work—certainly none a more faithful and self-denying one. All went on smoothly and quietly until the eventful Civil War cast its black clouds over the land. Dr. Pinkney was at that time one of the leading presbyters of Maryland, always a delegate to the General Convention, always on the

His leading position in the Diocese.

Standing Committee, always in perfect harmony with his Bishop (the eminent Whittingham) on all theological and diocesan questions. Others of the clergy may have been more learned and noted in various departments, such as Wyatt, of St. Paul's; or Kerfoot and Trevett, of St. James's College, or Dr. Henry Mason, of Easton, the great patristic theologian; or Atkinson, of St. Peter's and Grace Church, or Atkinson's brilliant successor, Coxe, the poet and belles-lettres scholar; or Charles H. Hall, of the Epiphany; but none were more beloved or more truly esteemed among all the Maryland clergy than Dr. William Pinkney, of Washington.

His memorable controversy with Bishop Whittingham.

Then came the Civil War, with all its heart-rending divisions in families and among friends, with its many cares and its perplexing questions of duty and allegiance. And then came, equally unsought and unexpected,

Dr. Pinkney's memorable controversy with his beloved and honoured Bishop Whittingham. Of this noted contest, so very important in the lives of both Bishops, and so characteristic, in different ways, of each, not one word, strange to say, is to be found in Dr. Brand's valuable *Life* of Bishop Whittingham. It is not improbable, however (though we know nothing positive on the subject), that Bishop Pinkney, with his characteristic modesty and self-suppression, may have requested Dr. Brand to omit all mention of him in his chapter (a very good chapter, on the whole) on Bishop Whittingham's political course, not wishing the matter to be prominently brought forward in his lifetime.* Dr. Hutton has very prop-

* The writer has learned since this passage was written, that Dr. Brand never saw this correspondence. He did not find it in the archives of the Episcopal Library

erly reprinted the whole of this long and memorable correspondence in an appendix to his biography.

"It is due," he well says, in a note on page 112, "to all who were concerned in or affected by these issues, that the whole correspondence should be published. All history, as it bears upon acts and movements, both personal and official, is valuable *just in proportion as it fairly and fully brings out the facts.*"

It was a pity that the correspondence had to be spread before the

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when he was writing his book. The disappearance of these important letters, considering Bishop Whittingham's known care of all his papers, is remarkable. It is not probable that the Bishop either lost or destroyed them; it is far more likely that he separated them from other letters and put them carefully aside, and that they will be found some day among the MSS. treasures of the great library which he so generously bequeathed to his diocese.

world, but there was no help for it; it had to be done. "'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true." Truth before all things. This has been Dr. Hutton's motto, and anything else would have been strangely out of place in a biography of William Pinkney. There are, moreover, several obvious considerations which would justify Dr. Hutton, if any justification were needed. Bishop Pinkney never was what would be called a precise and systematic man of business. He was no martinet either as presbyter or bishop, and cared little (possibly too little) for the "red tape" in which so many others take delight, and he kept his letters and papers in no kind of order. (But it ought to be added in this connection that he never as bishop failed to keep an appointment unless the facilities of travel were actually interrupted. Dr. Hutton calls attention

to his remarkable punctuality, page 279.) But in this case Dr. Hutton relates that he found all this voluminous correspondence wrapped up and endorsed, and carefully preserved as an important though painful piece of history. Plainly Bishop Pinkney himself attached special value to these letters, and his biographer had no choice in the matter if he was to do his work fully and fairly. And besides, nothing in all Bishop Pinkney's whole career is more honourable to his courage, to his invincible firmness, to his gentleness, and to his power, on certain occasions, of clear, logical, convincing argument. It may be admitted that Bishop Pinkney's *sermons* did not often give the impression of great logical power or of very commanding ability. They were earnest, passionate appeals, such as one might have looked for from a Wesley or a Whitefield. They stirred the con-

science and moved the feelings more than they interested or excited the intellect. But these letters to Bishop Whittingham are remarkable specimens of close reasoning expressed in the most lucid language.* His style, though vigorous and telling, and in some passages almost sharp, is yet never wanting in the respect due to his official superior, who, as it happened, had long been one of the foremost prelates of the Church, noted for his controversial skill and, we may add, for his occasional vehemence and power of sarcastic expression.

What the question was.

The question raised was, in brief, as follows: In March, 1862, immediately after the failure of a Confeder-

* For another example of Bishop Pinkney's excellent writing and clear reasoning see p. 316 of Dr. Hutton's book, and for some further account of the pamphlet there referred to, "Webster and Pinkney," see the Appendix to this sketch, Note A.

ate attack upon Washington, Bishop Whittingham issued a circular to the clergy of the District of Columbia (*not to all the clergy of the Diocese*) requiring them to use a certain form of thanksgiving which he had composed for the success of the Federal arms and the preservation of Washington from the "rebels." Dr. Pinkney believed this requisition of the bishop to be uncanonical, and in his correspondence he proved it to be so.* Besides, he was a Southerner, and very many of his flock were of Southern sentiments also. He therefore did not use the prayer. He was determined throughout the whole course of the war to keep his church free from "political taint," and to offer up no prayers in which all good men on both sides could not honestly join. In strict accordance with this

*See Note B in the Appendix for some quotations from Dr. Pinkney on this subject.

resolve, he did use the first excellent prayers which Bishop Whittingham issued in April, 1861, for these prayers in solemn terms simply implored the Lord of Hosts that ruleth all things, and sitteth on the throne judging right, to *take the cause into his own hands and judge between those* who were engaged in the miserable strife which then distracted our land. More than this Dr. Pinkney could not conscientiously do, which is the same as saying that no power on earth could make him do more. Most of the Maryland clergy acted as he did in this matter.

Bishop Whittingham, after several long letters, written in a style which was for him unusually contorted and obscure, finally presented Dr. Pinkney to the Standing Committee for trial on the ground of having violated his ordination vow and broken the canons of the Church. The Standing

Committee, however, *unanimously* (including the venerable Dr. Wyatt) refused to draw up a presentment, and thus the prosecution fell through. The Bishop, whose conscientiousness no man doubted, showed his vexation only too plainly, and was scarcely willing to accept the action of the Committee as ending the question or as binding his official conduct. Before another Sunday came round Dr. Pinkney's church was seized by the Federal government as a hospital, and the congregation would have had no place to worship in but for the great generosity of Mr. Corcoran. To crown the whole of this unhappy dispute, thus needlessly thrust upon Dr. Pinkney, the Bishop refused, about nine months after, even to visit his church and administer confirmation there to more than a hundred candidates waiting to receive it at his hands. For further details the reader

Bishop Pinkney's church seized by the Federal government.

is referred to Dr. Hutton's volume and to the text of the correspondence itself.

Reflections on this correspondence.

For ourselves we can only say that Dr. Pinkney appears to be impregnable in every position he assumed, and to have argued his important case with no less signal ability than with an amiable Christian temper. On Bishop Whittingham's side, too, the correspondence is most valuable as helping one to understand his character and do him the justice to which he is entitled. And for this reason we venture to think that it would have been well had this correspondence appeared in full long ago, when the *Life* of Bishop Whittingham was published. There is nothing like reading the way a man puts his own case. Bishop Whittingham's own letters reveal very clearly that there was some curious twist in his mind—always highly sensitive and conscien-

tious—about all questions concerned with the "rebellion" (as he and his Northern friends would call it), and that when these problems arose he was simply incapable of seeing them in the light in which they appeared to ordinary minds. It reminds us of the remarkable—all but incredible—incident narrated in the *Life of Kerfoot* (page 311), where good Bishop Whittingham actually tried to get General Lew Wallace, then in command of Baltimore, to put his dear friends Kerfoot and Coit under close arrest, in order to prevent them from keeping their solemn engagement and sacred parole given to the Confederate General Early! Such a man must and will be judged with due allowance for the excitement of the times and for the idiosyncrasies which temporarily warped his judgment, as well as that of some of his Northern friends and associates. And in fair-

ness we should add, that of some of his Southern friends likewise; for extravagant things were said and done on both sides in those days of excitement and bitter feeling. This is always so in times of civil war: perhaps there was less of it in those days than in any other that history records. Certainly never before were the divisions of the past so soon forgotten and healed. Dr. Hutton's volume affords the most pleasing proof that both the bishop and Dr. Pinkney before long cordially resumed their former relations. On page 165 there is a glowing passage from Dr. Pinkney's private diary kept in England in 1869, in which he compares Whittingham with Bishop Wilberforce, by whose eloquence he had just been enchanted, and gives the preference to Whittingham. And when Pinkney was elected Assistant Bishop, nothing could exceed the warmth of Whittingham's welcome.

Indeed, in one of his first letters to the new bishop, on a serious difference about jurisdiction (soon settled, however), Bishop Whittingham spoke of their "long, *unbroken* friendship; of the close bonds of Christian love in which we have been so thoroughly drawn together; of the new tenderer relations in which we have now been placed by our partnership in the high vows of the Apostolate." (Page 211.) This is a beautiful side of Bishop Whittingham's loving, impetuous nature.*

*We cannot refrain from adding here the beautiful and touching letter written by Bishop Whittingham to Dr. Pinkney on the day after the latter's election as Assistant Bishop:—

Bishop Whittingham to Dr. Pinkney.

FRIDAY MORNING, 27 *May*, '70.

"MY VERY DEAR BROTHER:—In the momentous action of last evening two things call loudly for my especial gratitude to the Great Disposer of events.

First, that He should have given me a

Dr. Pinkney's bravery.

The whole occurrence, as recorded in Dr. Hutton's candid pages, is a striking proof of Dr. Pinkney's quiet bravery and inflexible adherence to duty, which never will and never ought to be forgotten. We must not recall from the waters of Lethe, where one would only too willingly bury all such unpleasant recollections, more

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brother and fellow-helper in whom I have entire and unlimited confidence as a man, a Christian, and a Churchman. Next, that He should have brought it about with such signal unanimity among the agents and such happy freedom from the blots and blemishes which sometimes mar our comfort in similar transactions, even when the result is ground for thankfulness.

I have, as I believe you know, scrupulously refrained from everything which could tend to make the action of our Convention other than the free and unbiassed expression of the wish of the Diocese.

It is with just so much the more heartfelt satisfaction that I can accept that ac-

of the history of these sad days than is absolutely necessary to understand Dr. Pinkney's position of grave responsibility and serious danger. But a few words must needs be said. It was a time of fierce political excitement which none of the younger generation can begin to realize. "Southern sympathizers," not only real, but even suspected, had to keep

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tion as the genuine choice of the Diocese, and welcome it as fallen upon one whom long personal esteem and close friendship have already bound me to in indissoluble bonds.

I think I know your ends and aims in accepting the great trust to be committed, to be the same with which I have been poorly striving to hold it, and that a hearty unanimity of principles and objects will make it no hard thing for us to work in concert.

Of this I pray you to be now and once for all assured, it shall, God helping me, be my unremitting study and endeavor to

very quiet and very dark. Dr. Pinkney knew that peaceable, law-abiding citizens like George William Brown, Baltimore's brave mayor, S. Teackle Wallis, Wm. G. Harrison and many others had been arrested

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consult your views and your convenience in all matters falling to my disposal in our common work.

May He whose voice speaks to us in such cases in the utterances of His people, be still more and more to you, my dear brother, in your new responsibilities and under the new and heavy burdens to be placed on you, your ever-present and all-sufficient stay and helper!

So from the bottom of his heart prays
Your loving friend and brother,
W. R. WHITTINGHAM."

Rev. Dr. PINKNEY.

It is to be regretted that Dr. Hutton was not able to give us Dr. Pinkney's reply to this letter, which, we may be sure, was full of love and cordial appreciation of his bishop. But Bishop Pinkney rarely kept copies of his letters.

at dead of night by order of General McClellan and hurried away to various Federal prisons, not for anything they had done, but because the Secretary of War and the Napoleonic "Little Mac" were afraid they were *going to do* something! He knew that if he dropped an imprudent word which could be distorted into "disloyalty," he would be sent to keep company with his friends in Fort Warren. He was living in Washington, under the very eyes of the Federal officers, when many spies, too, were lurking about, a marked man, with his own bishop arrayed against him, and yet he never flinched for an instant. He yielded not an iota, but in quietness and in confidence pursued his thoroughly consistent course, and fought the battle of Religious Freedom when she was sorely wounded in the very house of her friends and by those who should have been, like brave

John Henry Hopkins, of Vermont, among her most ardent defenders. And there, in Dr. Hutton's *Life of Bishop Pinkney*, stands the record for all time—a record full of instruction and of warning for all bishops and all presbyters what to do and what *not* to do in critical times of revolution and disturbance.

We have left ourselves no space to deal with some of the most interesting chapters of the volume. Our readers must betake themselves to Dr. Hutton's pages for an account of Dr. Pinkney's enthusiastic election as Assistant Bishop (a thing unparalleled in Maryland before or since, under its two-thirds rule); for the story of his extraordinary labours in episcopal work; for the troubles which the Ritualists gave first to Bishop Whittingham and still more to the new bishop. Of all these delicate matters Dr. Hutton gives an ac-

Ritualistic troubles.

count perfectly fair to both sides. We have long thought that the clergy of the "fancy" ritualistic churches in Baltimore—both white and coloured—who indulged most freely in the "man-millinery" and other extravagances which Bishop Whittingham so hated,* never duly appreciated Bishop Pinkney, and never did full justice to his generosity, his goodness, and the difficult position in which he was placed when he became Bishop of the Diocese, and fell heir to all the complications which Bishop Whittingham's long-continued ill-health had prevented him from dealing with. If they are fair-minded men, as we believe them to be, we think they will feel this to be so, when they go calmly over Dr. Hutton's truthful

* See Appendix, Note C, *On the attitude of Bishops Whittingham and Pinkney towards Ritualism.*

narration—the "round, unvarnished tale" he so impartially delivers.

Mr. Corcoran.

There is also much in the book, as there ought to be, about the eminent philanthropist, Mr. W. W. Corcoran, and it is all deeply interesting.* Indeed, the countless admirers of Mr. Corcoran, no less than the friends of Bishop Pinkney, will be grateful to Dr. Hutton for all that he has written in this volume under this head. The close friendship between Mr. Cor-

* Dr. Hutton's book is appropriately inscribed to Mr. Corcoran's memory in the following terms, at once strictly true and gracefully expressed:

"To the memory of WILLIAM W. CORCORAN, Distinguished no less by his abounding general philanthropy Than by his Appreciative and affectionate devotion to the Person and character of the Subject of these pages, Mainly due for their preparation to his solicitous Interest and generous encouragement, They are respectfully dedicated by the Author."

coran and Bishop Pinkney was a beautiful thing—mutual love and respect never for a moment interrupted. And nobly generous as Mr. Corcoran was with his large means, we cannot truly say that he surpassed Bishop Pinkney himself, whose constant charities out of his small salary of $4000, as partially disclosed by his biographer, are simply amazing. Think of the kind Bishop, when the quarterly instalments of his salary came in, sitting down and sending off cheque after cheque to some of his clergy whom he knew to be miserably paid and in sorer need than himself! Think of his paying to the Church of the Ascension, out of his salary *as bishop* (for he allowed all the salary paid by the vestry to go to his associate rector), $900 per annum for several years, and then in addition offering $2000 of bank stock, "all he owned of property" (p. 251),

Bishop Pinkney's generosity.

to help to extinguish the immense debt which came so near crushing his beloved church and congregation!

His last sermon and sudden death.

Bishop Pinkney, as is well known, died very suddenly in the early morning of July 4th, 1883, while on a visitation to Sherwood Church, Cockeysville, Md., having preached the very night before a fervent sermon on the blessedness of heaven from the great text (Heb. xii. 22): "But ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels," etc.

After this earnest and touching sermon (which has been published), "he fell asleep." The pathetic close of his truly noble life is lovingly told by his biographer with much interesting detail.

We must now conclude this short sketch, most of which is derived from the biography itself, which we

have read with absorbing interest, by giving the following beautiful quotation from Dr. Hutton's graceful pen:

"We cannot choose the moment, the place, the surroundings of our departure hence. No death is sudden when it finds the watching servant of the Lord waiting for the Master's summons; no death is untimely when it comes in the fulness of years of holy service for Christ and His Church; and no death can be desolate when the Spirit of the Lord is near to bear up and cheer the departing soul to its promised and blessed rest. Bishop Pinkney died as doubtless he would have preferred to die, not in the decay of mental and physical power and under prolonged suffering, unfitting him for active duty, but rather while actually engaged in those sacred offices which, for more than forty years in the priesthood and thirteen in the episcopate, he

had earnestly sought to fill in all ministering love and duty; his mind as clear and strong at seventy-three as it had ever been, his heart as warm and expansive in Christian sympathy as in the freshness of youth, and his bodily vigor, though abated, yet not seriously impaired." (Page 343.)

Felix opportunitate mortis! is the exclamation that rises involuntarily to the lips on reading such words as these. The venerable author, Dr. Hutton, is now in his seventy-fifth year, and while his book was in press he was stricken a few months ago with a very serious illness, which has entirely disabled him from parochial work. We were glad to hear recently that he was somewhat improved in health, though, at his advanced age, with no hope of return to his former active ministry. We rejoice that God has spared him to witness the completion and publication of this me-

The Rev. Dr. Hutton.

moir. He has crowned his long labours of some fifty-three years of ministerial service in Maryland by giving us in his old age a very valuable biography. He has executed a difficult and delicate task with great judgment and perfect taste, and, in short, in such a manner as to lay not only his own Diocese, but the Church at large, under lasting obligations to his painstaking industry. His name will go down associated, as it well deserves to be, with that of the excellent Bishop, the faithful pastor and genial friend, whose life and character he has so lovingly and accurately delineated.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

ON BISHOP PINKNEY'S PAMPHLET, "WEBSTER AND PINKNEY."

Daniel Webster's alleged encounter with William Pinkney.

In 1877 Mr. Peter Harvey published his "*Reminiscences of Daniel Webster*," a garrulous and inaccurate book, but full of entertaining anecdotes. In this work (pp. 121–123) he professes to give Webster's account, in Webster's own words, of a remarkable encounter with William Pinkney, when both were engaged before the Supreme Court, during Webster's youth, in the days of Chief Justice Marshall. The anecdote is full of boastful self-glorification of Webster himself, and represents Pinkney as behaving like a poltroon and a coward, quailing before Webster's "dark and firm eyes." This

attack upon a great rival, long dead and therefore unable to defend himself, is very unlike the great Webster who said so nobly in his reply to Hayne, "I thank God that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down." Bishop Pinkney was so "pained and astonished" when he came upon this unexpected slander upon his illustrious kinsman, that he investigated the whole story, and showed from a comparison of dates, and from misstatements which Mr. Harvey attributes to Webster, that the thing was wholly improbable—in fact, could not have occurred. Yet, while he says plainly that he cannot believe that Webster ever really said what is imputed to him, the Bishop takes care to make no charge that Mr. Harvey "made it up." Mr. Harvey, in

writing his Reminiscences in his old age, had either unintentionally misrepresented what Webster said, or had mistaken the name; the story, if true at all, could not have been about *Pinkney*. It is a masterly piece of reasoning, and as amiable as cogent. Bishop Pinkney almost accomplishes the impossible problem of "proving a negative." At any rate he proves that Mr. Harvey's narrative is wholly incredible; Daniel Webster never could have talked such idle, vainglorious stuff. The present writer falling in with it by chance, was so impressed with its power, and its interest, too, on account of the great historical characters with whom it deals, that he wrote to Bishop Pinkney, begging the favour of a copy. When it came, he was not a little pleased to learn from the Bishop that the pamphlet had made the same impression upon Mr. Charles O'Conor,

Mr. Charles O'Conor's opinion.

the well-known lawyer of New York, and had led to a very pleasant interchange of letters, followed by an intimate acquaintance (see Dr. Hutton's *Life*, p. 316). Mr. O'Conor considered this production of Bishop Pinkney an unanswerable argument. The facts are marshalled in such lucid order, the inferences are drawn so justly, the tone and temper are so mild and calm, that the conclusion is irresistible that Mr. Harvey's memory was grievously at fault; and the story is shown to be (though Mr. Harvey did not see it) as derogatory to Daniel Webster's greatness as it was unjustly disparaging to William Pinkney's well-established reputation and character.—A third perusal of this pamphlet, within a few days, has fully confirmed the impression made by the first reading of it.

Note B.

The canon under which Bishop Whittingham professed to be acting says (Digest, Title I, Can. 15, §xiv): "The bishop of each diocese may compose forms of prayer or thanksgiving, as the case may require, for extraordinary occasions, and transmit them to *each clergyman within his diocese*, whose duty it shall be to use such forms in his church on such occasions." But Bishop Whittingham did not transmit his thanksgiving "to each clergyman within his diocese," but only to a selected few, to wit: those who resided in the District of Columbia. Dr. Pinkney maintained that the bishop was not keeping to the requirements of the very canon which he blamed him (Dr. Pinkney) for breaking. Consequently, no clergyman of the District could be bound

to obey under that canon. Writing to his intimate friend, Judge S. H. Huntington, of Connecticut, Dr. Pinkney says, under date March 25, 1862, six months before his correspondence with Bishop Whittingham: "My own mind was clear.... I felt it due to the position I held, to consult two lawyers, one in Baltimore and one in Washington, because it was proper I should act calmly, and with the best legal aid at my command. I *made* the point *myself*, first to Mr. Stone and then to a gentleman of the bar in Baltimore; and both of them sustained me in my construction of the law, and Mr. Carlisle sent me word that he considered it impregnable. I read the canon and then asked myself the question, Whose duty is it to read the prayer put forth by the bishop under the canon? Clearly the duty of each clergyman, and that by the very terms of the canon. To whom is it to be

Dr. Pinkney to the Hon. S. H. Huntington

transmitted? As clearly to each clergyman of the *diocese*. The power to transmit is derived from the canon, and the canon directs that it shall be transmitted to *each clergyman in the diocese*. The bishop may compose and transmit or not. But the *may* refers solely to the act of composing and transmitting. It is the bishop's choice to determine the occasion as an extraordinary occasion. Exercising the right of choice, his discretion ends; and he must be guided by the canon in all that he does afterwards. If he transmits it otherwise than as the canon directs, he becomes himself a violator of the very law he would bind on others. In one word, the canon was framed for *diocesan* prayers.... I regret exceedingly the position I am compelled to occupy. I shall patiently hold my peace until I am forced to speak out; and then I shall make a clean breast

of it, and review the past and present of the bishop's course. . . . I have never disobeyed law knowingly, and hope I never shall. But my rights I will and must defend at all hazards. I have eschewed from principle everything but the Gospel in my ministrations. I have laboured imperfectly but sincerely to do my duty by all. If I am to be sacrificed by the strong arm of power, so be it. I shall not swerve an inch from what I believe to be my duty; and to God I leave the rest." . . .

Again, to the same friend, on April 7, 1862: . . . "I acted on my own honest convictions of duty, and while I have no overbearing conceit of the wisdom of the course I pursued, I was never more thoroughly satisfied that I was right. On the interpretation of the canon and the uncanonical act of the bishop, notwithstanding you think it susceptible of doubt, I have the satisfaction of knowing that

Dr. Pinkney sustained by the best lawyers.

I am sustained not only by the three first lawyers of Washington, one of whom is the strongest of Union men, but by Alexander of Baltimore, and Dr. Coxe [then rector of Grace Church, Baltimore], and, I believe, the whole Standing Committee, not, however, as a Standing Committee, for the case was not presented to them. So far I stand *rectus in curia.* Law is law, and when summoned to obey it, I cannot consent to its infraction. But if the prayer had been diocesan [*i. e.* had it been transmitted to each clergyman of the *diocese*, as the canon directs], I still think the power is wanting to the Bishop to put forth such a prayer, and that on *two* grounds, both of which are supported by high legal authority, one of them, at least, entertained by Dr. Coxe." . . . (Pp. 108, 109, 110.)

And by the Rev. Dr. Coxe.

Note C.

On the attitude of Bishops Whittingham and Pinkney towards Ritualism.

What is said on p. 53 will not be denied by any who really knew Bishop Whittingham's sentiments. Dr. Brand's *Life of Whittingham* has settled this question, which ought never to have been raised in Maryland, where his episcopate extended through a period of forty years. The reader's attention is especially called to two letters of Bishop Whittingham in vol. 2, pp. 117, 118. They are addressed to the Rev. C. M. Parkman, at that time (1867) rector of St. Andrew's Church, Baltimore. This gentleman, if he desires the honour, is entitled to be called the "Father of Ritualism" in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Bishop Whit-

Letters to Rev. C. M. Parkman in 1867.

tingham was much attached to him and had a high respect for his unusual learning in matters of ritual, ancient Liturgies, etc. The following extracts are interesting:

"My dear Parkman,—I heard today, in the course of an informal private conversation, that you are using divers colours—red, green, etc. —in articles of your vesture in public worship, the tinkling of a bell in the course of your service, and perhaps other things until now unknown in the usages of worship in this Diocese. . . . I verily believe them to be violations of the ordination vow, and am determined, so far as it shall please God to give me ability, to hinder their introduction within that portion of the Church for the conduct of which in His Providence He has made me answerable. But I loathe the exercise of authority in such a case, and dread as exquisite torment

the appeal to law. Therefore I have recourse to the stronger and better law of love," etc. Again, *ibid.* p. 118, Bp. W. to Rev. C. M. Parkman:— . . . "With the single exception of your mention of 'a chasuble,' I find nothing in your report of your 'usages' which seems to me to admit question of it being within the liberty of an American presbyter—although I do not myself admit the correctness of quoting 'Sarum use' here, where 'Sarum use' never had show of rule. But 'a chasuble' is a vestment unknown to the American Church, and its use is not in conformity with the worship of THIS Church—*i. e.* not the Church of England—far less the Church of Rome — not even the Church Catholic—but THIS *branch* of the Church of Christ, whether it be well appointed for its work or ill-appointed, well-governed or ill-governed—clad in the beauty of holiness

or in unseemly rags." The question is not as to the soundness of Bishop Whittingham's opinions in regard to ritualistic innovations, but what those opinions really were. It was natural that Bishop Pinkney's tone of thought in these matters should be much influenced by the Diocesan with whom he had been so intimate since 1840, and, though there is no record of his ever expressing himself so strongly against ritualism as Bishop Whittingham many times did, he agreed in the main with his bishop. The point is important, because after Bishop Whittingham's death in 1879, it became the fashion in certain quarters to represent Bishop Pinkney as an entirely different sort of Churchman from Bishop Whittingham, and actually to claim the latter bishop as an approver and supporter of the ritualism he had so stoutly opposed! The reader of Dr. Brand's book, and

Bishop Pinkney in agreement with Bishop Whittingham.

of Dr. Hutton's *Life of Bishop Pinkney* has now ample materials for forming a correct judgment upon this question. (Compare also *Life of Bishop Kerfoot*, vol. 2, p. 516, and pp. 496–498.)

Later utterances of Bishop Whittingham on the subject.

Dr. Brand, with the candour which is his characteristic, has told quite enough in many pages of his work to reveal very clearly Bishop Whittingham's real animus, and his invincible aversion to ritualistic innovations and extravagancies, and above all his unceasing hostility to any attempt, open or covert, to introduce distinctly Roman doctrine (a subject in which he was profoundly versed) into our branch of the Church. It cannot indeed be fairly maintained that Bishop Whittingham was always consistent. Like other bishops, he had to yield in regard to vestments and other like usages, and he was not able wholly to resist the ritualism

which in the ten years since his death has made such rapid strides, not so much in Maryland as in Philadelphia and New York and Chicago, and many of the small Western dioceses—large enough in territory, but small in the number of clergy and communicants.

Besides, under the present law of our Church (which happily is not encumbered with an ambiguous and unintelligible "ornaments rubric") a bishop has really no power to interfere in the matter of vestments, except in the way of fatherly advice. That the Bishop knew and admitted this, is made plain by what Dr. Brand tells us of him in the middle of p. 335, vol. 2. Bishop Whittingham was as powerless to prevent the use of a "chasuble," as he had been in the earlier days of his episcopate to compel the use of a surplice. Forty or fifty years ago, when Bishop Whittingham first came to Maryland,

the officiating clergyman, in many churches, wore, not only in preaching, but during the entire service, the Genevan black gown. In Frederick, for example, a surplice would, in those days, have created as much consternation as a cardinal's red hat. A dilapidated piece of linen used to hang in the vestry, which tradition said had once been a surplice and had once, in times gone by, been actually worn. Better customs gradually came to prevail, but it took time to bring the change about. Along with these better customs other uses have been introduced, some of which are extravagant and offend against good taste (so at least Bishop Whittingham thought). Though these things are doubtless meant for a good purpose, and are considered highly beautiful and edifying by those who indulge in them, they do not really, in the long run, conduce to reverence,

but rather belittle and bedizen* the dignified service and ceremonial of the Prayer Book. It is to be hoped that many of these uses will pass away as public opinion becomes more enlightened and really good taste more prevalent. Kindly discussion, free expression of opinion, and the presentation of the convictions of such men as Whittingham and Pinkney (with whom may be associated our venerated Presiding Bishop, John Williams, of Connecticut, whose views and principles are well known to the Church at large), ought to help to produce this result.† Questions of

* This is another of Bishop Whittingham's expressive words in reference to forms of ritualism that he disliked. See *Brand*, vol. ii, p. 334, last line.

Judgment of Archbishop Benson.

† The recent Judgment of the Archbishop of Canterbury in the famous case of "Read and others *vs.* the Bishop of Lincoln"—which has been so justly admired for its learning and breadth of view—to-

erroneous *doctrine* are more serious, and stand upon a different footing.

Who that remembers Bishop Whittingham's demeanour, so impressive, so full of rapt devotion, yet so unaffected and simple—his whole bearing, voice, gesture, countenance, being, so to say, transfigured by the

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gether with the Pastoral Letter of the Archbishop, ought, one would think, to be ultimately of great service both in moderating the extravagancies of those who like ritualism, and in bringing about a calm and reasonable tone of thought among those who feel bound to try to prevent its extension.

In his Pastoral, his Grace welcomes the "universal, unimpeached advance in the devout beauty of public worship which has been made in the last half-century by the moderate and earnest clergy in happy conjunction with the laity." In his Judgment, speaking with all the authority which belongs to the court, consisting of himself as Primate with five Episcopal Assessors, the Archbishop pronounces that some of

feeling that possessed and inspired him—can imagine him, instead of "lifting up his heart," concentrating his mind upon the intricate and bewildering petty details of ritualistic ceremonialism as prescribed in their "Directoriums" and "Rituals for the Altar" and practised in some of their

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these disputed matters—notably the "eastward position," about which so much has been written—have *no significance at all.* They are not worth contending for; still less are they worth fighting against. The eastward position is not a "sacrificial position," as some ritualists have insisted. "By whomsoever put forward, the statement is without foundation." "No significance can be attached to a form, act, or usage unless that significance is in accordance with the regular and established meaning of language or symbol, whether liturgical or other." The eastward position is now, as it always has been in the Anglican Church, a mere matter of convenience and propriety. The Archbishop quotes the well-known answer of the

churches? To him it would have seemed like "seething a kid in its mother's milk,"—destroying true reverence by the very means used to instil and nourish it. And when we add that in some of these churches the ceremonial *is*, and is meant to be, a tolerably correct imitation of the

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Bishops in 1661 to the Puritan divines at the Savoy Conference: "The minister's turning to the people is not most convenient throughout the whole ministration. When he speaks *to* them, as in Lessons, Absolution, and Benedictions, it is convenient that he turn to them. When he speaks *for* them to God, it is fit that they should all [i. e. both minister and people] turn another way, as the ancient Church ever did." This is essentially the ground of the late Dean Stanley, who urged many years ago, with such force, in his inimitable way, the "absolute triviality of these questions about vesture and postures when compared with matters of serious religion." See *Christian Institutions*, 3rd London edit., pp. 167, 170–173.

Roman Mass, in lights, vestments, incense, wafers, genuflexions, crossings, bowings, osculations, prostrations, elevation and adoration of the Host, etc., the idea of Bishop Whittingham's approving or even enduring such a service is one that those who knew him cannot for a moment entertain.

The quotations that have been given from Bishop Whittingham's letters to the Rev. Mr. Parkman show plainly enough his feelings and attitude in 1867, at the beginning of the ritualistic movement, and upon its first introduction into his diocese. On p. 335 of Dr. Brand's second volume will be found an incident and another letter written in 1877, which prove that the Bishop's animus—his tone of thought and feeling—remained much the same in the latest years of his life. Being in Boston in 1877, in attendance upon the General

Convention, he accompanied his dear friend, Dr. Shattuck, to what Dr. Brand calls "a church of the Advanced." The Bishop, by request, consented to take his place in the chancel. It was reported at the time (though Dr. Brand does not mention this) that he was so much distressed by the "novelties that disturbed his peace"*—by the strange things that the young priests and acolytes were performing before his eyes—as to be unable to contain himself. He then and there spoke out, and in the very spirit of old Isaiah uttered his solemn condemnation. If he did not actually say, "Incense is an abomination to me; your new moons and appointed

Bishop Whittingham in Boston in 1877.

* Perhaps it may be necessary to explain to those whose memory does not go back some forty years and more, that these words allude to some once celebrated pamphlets published under that title by Bishop John Henry Hopkins.

feasts my soul hateth," he at least left no doubt that he considered the performance at which he had been unwillingly present, an unauthorized and inexcusable travesty of the Prayer-Book service which he had known and loved from childhood. Returning to his temporary home at Dr. Shattuck's, he wrote as follows to his daughter — one of his latest utterances on the subject:—

Bishop Whittingham to his daughter, in 1877.

"I am in no condition for writing, being somewhat shattered by the long service this morning, with the (for me) long walk to and from it, and most of all, by the highly disagreeable impression made and left by the nature of the service. It was irregular from one end to the other. To my *taste* disgusting; in my judgment very injudiciously sensuous, with unsuccessful effort to attain ornate grandeur; and for my spiritual experience harassing and unsatisfactory. *In all*

my life I have never felt myself so much a stranger in my Father's house, nor so unable to put myself into religious sympathy with my fellow-worshippers. I do not intend again to expose myself to so much suffering."

Such was the impression of a full-blown ritualistic service (or "High Mass," as they call it in St. Ignatius's Church, New York) upon the peculiarly reverent mind of Bishop Whittingham!

Bishop Pinkney's feeling was much the same. But from natural temperament he was far more easy-going than Bishop Whittingham: he absolutely abhorred entrance to a controversy, though, being in, he bore it so that the opposer had need to beware of him. No clergyman who did not *obtrude* his extravagancies or violations of law upon Bishop Pinkney was likely to be disturbed. His rule was gentle, his manners courte-

ous and considerate, and yet, when principle and the rights of conscience were involved, he could be firm enough, as has been shown, both as presbyter and as bishop.

CORRIGENDUM.

The writer takes this opportunity of correcting a mistake into which the venerable Dr. Hutton has fallen, in a note on p. 202 of his *Life of Bishop Pinkney*. In that note Dr. Hutton says: "The writer regretted not to find in the very interesting Life of Bishop Kerfoot, by the Rev. Dr. Hall Harrison, any notice of Bishop Kerfoot's presence at the consecration of Dr. Pinkney, and of the sermon preached by him on that occasion; yet he was not altogether unprepared for such omission upon reading the pamphlet which Dr. Harrison published soon after the election of the present Bishop of Maryland."

What the excellent and respected author meant to imply by this note is a riddle which it would require an Œdipus to solve.

The sermon "at the consecration of Bishop Pinkney," however, *is* mentioned on p. 712 of the *Life of Bishop Kerfoot;* and this surely implies the presence of Bishop Kerfoot in person at the time, for it has never been claimed by even the highest advocates of episcopal powers that a bishop could preach a sermon without being present on the occasion when it was delivered! And as to not *quoting* the long and beautiful peroration of some two or three pages, it was omitted simply from want of room, as many other interesting topics were unavoidably passed by. The truth is, the writer found his book growing too large, and he almost made it a rule not to encumber the work with any quotations from Bishop Kerfoot's sermons, charges and addresses, which, being already in print, were otherwise accessible.

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